THE MEASURE
A JOURNAL OF POETRY

Poems by Edward Shanks, Winifred Welles, Elinor Wylie, Leonora Speyer, Louise Townsend Nicholl, Briton Niven Busch, Jr., and Others

Moby Dick as an Epic: A Note, by Padraic Colum

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The Measure

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The Wind

Blow harder, wind, and drive
My blood from hands and face back to the heart.
Cry over ridges and down tapering coombes,
Carry the flying dapple of the clouds
Over the grass, over the soft-grained plough,
Stroke with ungentle hand the hill's rough hair
Against its usual set.
Snatch at the reins in my dead hands and push me
Out of the saddle, blow my laboring pony
Across the path. You only drive my blood
Nearer the heart from face and hands, and plant there,
Slowly burning, unseen, but alive and wonderful,
A numb, confuséd joy!
This little world's in tumult. Far away
The dim waves rise and wrestle with each other
And fall down headlong on the beach. And here
Quick gusts fly up the funnels of the valleys
And meet their raging fellows on the hill-tops
And we are in the midst.
This beating heart, enriched with the hands' blood,
Stands in the midst and feels the warm joy burn
In solitude and silence, while all about
The gusts clamour like living, crying birds
And the goose seems hardly tethered to the ground.
Blow louder, wind, about
My square-set house, rattle the windows, lift

The trap-door to the loft above my head
And let it fall, clapping. Yell in the trees
And throw a rotted elm-branch to the ground,
Flog the dry trailers of my climbing rose—
Make deep, O wind, my rest!

Winter Trees

IS the tree's life in bearing leaves,
And flowers and fruit in turn? Or may
The voice that in dry branches grieves
Be only the wind's, going its way?

Those black boughs drawn on the white sky
In stiff and intricate design—
Does that substantial charactery
Declare no real life within?

If so, we men, what life have we
When at the last we stand alone,
Love, children, combat, poetry
And all our proud achievements gone?

Still the unmoving winter trees
Hold up the pure curves of their boughs,
Forms clothing calm immortal life
No change of time or state can rouse.

Edward Shanks

In the Carolina Woods

(To Dr. E. C. L. Adams)

NOT in a cavern where the wind
Tramples with battle-call,
But in these woods, in these deep woods
Where branch and branch let fall—
Not moss, but grey and cobweb beards,
Kings' cabalistic beards. . . .

Here should you lie, you Kings of eld,
Barbarossa, Boabdil,
And Czar Lazar and Charlemagne, Arthur and Gaelic Finn—
Here where the muffling Spanish moss
Forests with forests fill.

Padraic Colum

Protest in Passing

THIS house of flesh was never loved of me!
This frail white arrogance of sounding towers,
How it has held me through the ordained hours
That I must pass to whiter dignity.
When sleep came beckoning, how I leapt, for then
I knew the low, half-flights of hampered wing,
But now there comes a surer Beckoning,
I go, nor shall endure these rooms again.

I have been held too long by closed-in walls,
By masonry of muscle, blood and bone,
This quaking house of flesh that was my own—
High roof-tree of the heart, see, how it falls!
I go . . . but pause upon the threshold's rust
To shake from off my feet my own dead dust.

Leonora Speyer.

A Thing of Wonder

NOT even a fairy's child, for whom it is no trouble
To carve a pipe's bowl from a yellow rose,
Could ever have blown a more delicate bubble
Than this one our fingers so fearfully enclose.

Still and silver and beautiful, it drifted
Into our hands of its own will,
Now your life and my life are clasped and lifted
In one clear beauty, silver-still.

And my hands cry to your hands, "Oh touch it lightly!"
And yours to mine, "But hold it long!"
To keep it close like this, burning like this so brightly,
Oh strength be gentle, and gentleness be strong!

Indian Pipes

THESE are the flowers for a mad bride—
At dusk, on the black earth, under black trees,
She shall fill her torn, white hands with these.
She shall be heard by all the countryside,
When she comes singing to the woods' edge—
Whiter than dogwood shall flutter on the ledge
The silver tatters of her bridal dress.
Singing in a cracked voice a song of craziness,
Down the vague meadow, where her floating veil
Rests on the mist, she shall wander till her wail
Dies along the river in the mown hay.

There they shall find her at break of day,
With eyes like the first white frost, with the tips
Of her tired fingers and the droop of her lips
Blackened like the flowers she had carried away,
The flowers that were all one waxen white,
Leaf, stem and cup, but could not last the night.

Silver for Midas

SOME day, Midas, the daffodils
Will jangle out of tune,
You will come down from your brassy hills
Sick and tired of the noon.

To my silver house of birch bark
You will come down, not asking much,
But reaching through the still dark
For the things I love to touch:

My cobweb bells that bead the lawn,
That ring more tinily than tears
Beneath my silver-stepping fawn
With his pussywillow ears—

My squirrel with his tail curved up
Like half a silver lyre,
My glassy flowers with stem and cup
Glazed in a silver fire.

Oh you shall kneel to the star in my pool,
There your hot cheeks shall be lost,
Your yellow head rise up as cool
As an aster dipped in frost.

And you shall stand in a moonlit place
As still as sculpture stands,
A look of wonder on your face
Laid there by my silver hands.

Winifred Welles

A Stolen March

THE crows come back to lord it in the woodlot,
The dozing trees will have no rest there now,
For spring, encamped across the stubble fields
Has quartered cawing sentries on each bough.
In shallow pools her host of frogs rejoices—
Three fields away their pulsing chorus swells—
The volume of unnumbered reedy voices
That hangs above the earth like a mist of bells.
But if one human being comes too near
The black-coat sentries lift their strident cries
And winter stillness falls upon the wood.
Dry leaves conceal the buds from prying eyes;
And spring—invisible—lies ambushed where
The snow burns off into the smokeless air.

Old Window-Panes

THIN bubbled tides of green have stayed
Unchanging in these squares of glass
One hundred years.
Reflecting images that fade,
Forever letting sunlight pass
Through glass like tears.
And storm and lightning's sudden shaft
Have fumbled at these fragile panes,
And frost has sketched
A tracery beyond man's craft.
Here beat a century of rains,
And spiders stretched
Their short-lived webs of artifice,
And children's eyes long, long ago
Watched deer go by.

Mirrors of other days than this,
It is not strange the small panes show
Our world awry.

Marie Emilie Gilchrist

Wild Duck

THE birds that flew against the sunset
An hour ago, so gallantly
So darkly menaced with doom;
Their intrepid battalions
Fiercely deploying, etched in black scorn
Over reed and water
Where death lay ambushed—
Come home at twilight
To some arcane, bleak sanctuary
Where only the lapping tide
Laments in darkness its sorrow
And the eel-grass shivers
Beneath the swords of the wind.

Then softly above them
The slow moon circles
A bird most lovely
And curiously white.
And ever the stars wheel
Their bright coveys northward
Confounding with beauty
The sly huntsman, Night.

Briton Niven Busch, Jr.

Awe

I WOULD catch that butterfly,
But I should fear
To hold it in my hand.
It might be my dream of you
To which the dawn gave wings.

Paul S. Nickerson

Thin Ruin

IN a dream, asleep, I stood in a ruined town
Held by its ruin in a quiet whole
Like cobwebs without wind—a high, grey town
With only thin grey essence left, and soul.
The thin, transparent, cobweb walls arose
From an ancient, grey-grassed, square Cathedral close.
The church's leaning spire was bent toward me
Who stood up-gazing, rooted like a tree.
Then, without time, in a house across the square,
I someway climbed the insubstantial stair
And from an upper window, wondering,
First saw perfection of a ruined thing.

As I stood again below the leaning church
I saw that house go down with ghostly lurch.
I saw the dreadful soundless crash, perplexed.
It must have been my human tread, my touch—
Even in dream a step may be too much!
The church's leaning spire would be the next.

This quiet poise of ruin could not last.
With one house fallen, was the moment past.
I woke from dream, but never to forget
The sight of ruin in its perfect state,
So old that it was cobweb-thin and grey,
So young that time for falling was not yet,
That for a timeless dream-space it must wait
For swift and soundless movement of decay.

The Milkman

IT is four-thirty when the milkman comes;
The night is frayed and late.
And from my room which overhangs, by night,
The scattered village,

I hear him weave and spread
His mystic, early, unseen web.

His horse comes walking up the long, straight street,
But sometimes he himself is in the gate
Before I wake,
Seeing the intermittent light that's slung
From his dangling lantern in an arc,
Hearing the muffled clink of bottles
And the soft, fast pounding of his feet
(He walks as fast as his horse walks slow)
As he rounds the gravel path below
Bringing opaque whiteness through the dark.

There is another lantern swung
Beneath the wagon.
There is a moving pendulum of light upon the ceiling
Which tells me so.
That gently swaying square of light
Leaves me the rhythmic and contented feeling
Of jogging slowly through the thinning night—
And as they start again, the man and horse,
Into the checkered land where cocks begin to crow,
Partly I listen to the weaving web below,
Partly I go . . .
Up one street, the next one down,
Weaving the whole unconscious town
Into a dreamlike and erratic web
Of milk and morning and the moving wheels.

Then when the checkered land,
Starred bright with cockcrow, soft with wheels,
Is all laid out with woven squares which will not look,
Tomorrow, as they sound tonight,
And every sleeping house is gathered loosely on the thread,
The milkman turns his horse toward bed.
The old horse understands, and feels
Release, or dawn;
The slow wheels quicken, rumble, as they cross

The bridge and brook
Into the circling, soft, outlying lands.
I lose them going up the hill. . . .

But seem to hear them weaving still
A dim, white web
Of milk and morning and the moving wheels.

Louise Townsend Nicholl.

The Cat

(*Italian Quarter, New York City*)

IN front of the shop
Where the copper light of dried fish glitters
On the door-post like a sun-ray,
You see the tail of the hungering one

Brushing the grey pavement.
Softly like a wind-blown rag of yellow fur
It curls behind the wheel of the wagon
Where she sits feigning a life most tedious;

As though longing for the oblivion of slumber
She huddles crookedly between her lean flanks
And blinks at you slantingly and yawns,
And at times a twitching

Ripples through her hollow body
Wherein dwells the murderess and harlot;
As though for pastime she crouches there silently
A shabby Buddha, solitarily enthroned.

Hans Trausil.

Pity Me

PITY the wolves who prowl unsleeping
Guarding the pasture from a thief;
Pity the proud leopards weeping
Tears of subtle grief.

Pity the savage panthers sheathing
Sharp disdain in silken gloves;
Pity the golden lions breathing
Fire upon their loves.

Pity the prickly star that frightens
The Christ Child with its shattered spear;
Pity the midnight when it lightens;
Pity me, my dear.

Elinor Wylie

Wild Apples

BRIGHT in September, bright against the sky,
Bright against mountains, bright against the sea,
Oh, acid fruit and worthless! pass it by;
Oh, beautiful and worthless! let it be.

Yet the birds take these branches for a house,
Wild grape festoons them, binding tart with tart;
And to the end of time unshaken boughs
Are not for us to laugh at, O my heart:

Unshaken boughs, and fruit ungathered yearly
Save by the wind that brings it scattering down,
To bruise on rocks, smash open, juicing clearly,
And rot beneath the tree till it is brown.

Out in back pastures known to sheep and cows,
Blind foot-note to a page, they stand apart;
But to the end of time unshaken boughs
Are not for us to laugh at, O my heart!

Abbie Huston Evans.

February Thaw

NOW these ephemeral glaciers move,
And racked apart by rain and sun,
Disintegrate; and with strange cries,
A thousand crying rivers run.

Not yet the spring and singing frogs;
But these bright rainbows of the ground
Are promises, and they are words,
And occult ecstasies of sound.

The Unscarred Fighter Remembers France

THAT amazing holiday:
Wine and brotherhood and passion,
Paradisal in its way,
Elemental in its fashion.

Those of you that must come after,
Will not know this blithe and brave
Thing we met with vivid laughter,
Standing by an open grave.

Kenneth Slade Alling

The Measure ~ *A Journal of Poetry*

Published monthly by the Editors at 449 West 22nd St., N. Y.

Edited by Maxwell Anderson, Padraic Colum, Carolyn Hall, Frank Ernest Hill, Louise Townsend Nicholl, George O'Neil, Pitts Sanborn, Genevieve Taggard, Winifred Welles. From these nine an acting editor and an assistant are elected quarterly by the board.

Associate Editors—Hervey Allen, Joseph Auslander, Robert Hillyer and David Morton.

ACTING EDITOR: CAROLYN HALL
ASSISTANT EDITOR: GEORGE O'NEIL

Second March

LAST March Maxwell Anderson with his *Thunder in the Index* introduced THE MEASURE. With four of the revolutions in principles he predicted the year has rolled away. Maxwell Anderson was followed by Padraic Colum, Louise Townsend Nicholl and Frank Ernest Hill, as active editors, and with my three months the magazine starts in on its second year.

It has been interesting to watch the working out of THE MEASURE'S experiment of a quarterly change of editorial control. So far as we know it is the first time this idea has ever been put into practice in editing a magazine and it has proved a most practicable method. Our principal purpose in instituting it was to eliminate the possibility of running the magazine into a rut. I heard in the days of its first existence that a certain well-known poet and critic doubted the possibility of THE MEASURE'S succeeding on this basis because it was, in the very nature of its shifting control, a magazine without a consecutive policy. That criticism is an admission that the policy of a magazine is largely a matter of the personality of the editor, nevertheless it is theoretically a sound criticism. No magazine could hold its own with contributors and subscribers if it flopped around like a weather vane.

But the fact is that the editorial board of THE MEASURE in spite of declared differences of opinion in the matters of form and subject matter has a large common ground of belief. I think that the past year has made us realize that the common ground is larger than we supposed when we first

got together. I don't mean, either, that we have compromised; we have developed but I think we have not compromised. We have simply discovered that except for certain relatively unimportant differences, which are important as balancing and revitalizing material, an editor can carry on where his predecessor leaves off without jarring the contributors.

And there are definite dangers which are eliminated through this system. There is no possibility of sending back contributions with the embarrassing and futile comment that "we cannot agree." There is no possibility of a deadlock of opinion which means the breaking up of a magazine or of its editorial board.

Furthermore it is the cheapest way to run a magazine there is, and the only possible way for a group of poets with extremely limited incomes. Three months is as long as one person, earning his living some other way by day, could carry advisedly the work and responsibility of editing without a rest.

THE MEASURE starts in on its second year with fair promise. In spite of the fact that we have had a hard pull financially, paying many of our expenses ourselves and others through generous friends, we have managed to plant the roots of the magazine deep enough to carry it past the "dangerous first twelve months," as one subscriber calls them. Winifred Welles has joined the active board, bringing the number of editors back to the original nine. She needs no introduction as her delightful and whimsical poetry has spoken for her in *The Hesitant Heart,* her book, and in other periodicals as well as in THE MEASURE. A letter just received from Joseph Auslander, our associate editor in London, tells of the work he is doing for us over there, and we hope to develop a closer touch with English poets and poetry affairs in the coming months.

Hermann Rosse's medallion of "a poet standing on the imaginary lotus that grows in the imaginary sea" continues to measure his portion of the earth on the magazine's cover. This strong-backed poet with his perfect balance has become as much a part of THE MEASURE as its name. I want to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Rosse in behalf of all the editors for his greatly valued contribution.

Carolyn Hall

Moby Dick as an Epic: A Note

IT is a mistake, I think, in the criticism of Melville's works, to approach *Moby Dick* as a novel. On the surface it is a novel; it is a prose narrative of a certain length dealing with possible men and possible events.

But below the surface it is different. The men are possible, but they are also fabulous. The prose loosens into extraordinary rhythms. The event is possible, but it is also unique—it is nothing less than the pursuit of "the mightiest animated mass that has survived the flood." What Herman Melville proposes to himself is not the theme for a novel but the theme for an epic.

His characters are generalized like the characters of an epic—"Ahab" and "Ishmael" are names that rule out personal characteristics. Captain Ahab is an Achilles of the sea. There is hardly any character in the book, and all the incidents in it are only rehearsals for the great central incident—the conflict between the steel-hearted man and the strange white whale that comes to represent "the mightiest animated mass that has survived the flood." If Herman Melville had consciously proposed to himself to make the epic of man's invasion of the Oceans, his theme and his handling of it could hardly, it seems to me, be different.

He is constantly striving to find a prose that can rise above the prose of mere narrative. Occasionally this prose is conventionally epical as when he has the Tahitan sailor speak the language of MacPherson's Ossian.

> Hail, holy nakedness of our dancing girls! The Heeva-Heeva! Ah! low veiled, high palmed Tahiti! I still rest me on thy mat, but the soft soil has slid! I saw thee woven in the wood, my mat! green the first day I brought ye thence; now worn and wilted quite. Ah me!—not thou nor I can bear the change! How then, if so be transplanted to yon sky? Hear I the roaring streams from Pirohitee's peak of spears, when they leap down the crags and drown the villages? The blast! The blast! Up, spine, and meet it!

"No fairy fingers can have pressed the gold, but devil's claws must have left their moulding there since yesterday," mutters the mate Starbuck, as he looks upon the doubloon that has been nailed to the mast as a reward for him who first catches sight of the white whale. Here the rhythmed speech that Melville rises to so often becomes regular blank verse.

> No fairy fingers can have pressed the gold,
> But devil's claws must have left their mouldings there
> Since yesterday.

In striving for this rhythmed prose, Herman Melville, it is most interesting to note, comes again and again close to forms that one would think were exclusively of our day—free verse and polyphonic prose. Here is an example of Melville's polyphonic prose (Chapter LXXXI):

> It was a terrific, most pitiable, and maddening sight. The whale was now going head out, and sending his spout before him in a continual tormented jet; while his one poor fin beat his side in an agony of fright. Now to this hand, now to that, he yawned in faltering flight, and still at every billow that he broke, he spasmodically sank in the sea, or sideways rolled toward the sky his one beating fin.

Captain Ahab's address to the whale's emptied head, too, has the ring of polyphonic although in this passage it is the assonance and not the rhyme that strikes on one's ear. (Chapter LXX):

Where unrecorded names and navies rust, and untold hopes and anchors rot; where in her murderous *hold* this frigate earth is ballasted with *bones* of millions of the drowned; there, in that awful water-land, there was thy most familiar *home*. Thou hast been where bell or diver never went; hast slept by many a sailor's *side*, where sleepless mothers would give their *lives* to lay them down.

There is another passage (Chapter CII), which, without rhymes, approaches polyphonic prose:

It was a wondrous sight. The wood was green as mosses of the Icy Glen; the trees stood high and haughty, feeling their living sap; the industrious earth beneath was as a weaver's loom, with a gorgeous carpet on it, whereof the ground-vine tendrils formed the warp and woof, and the living flowers the figures. All the trees, with all their laden branches; all the shrubs and ferns, and grasses; the message-carrying air; all these unceasingly were active. Through the lacings of the leaves, the great sun seemed a flying shuttle weaving the unwearied verdure. Oh, busy weaver! Unseen weaver!—pause!—one word!—whither flows the fabric? What palace may it deck? Wherefore all these ceaseless toilings? Speak, weaver!—stay thy hand! but one single word with thee! Nay—the shuttle flies—the figures float from forth the loom; the freshet-rushing carpet forever slides away.

There is an example of free verse in the foot-note to Chapter XLII. I take the liberty of presenting this to readers of THE MEASURE as a separate poem:

The Albatross

I remember the first Albatross I ever saw. It was during a prolonged gale in waters hard upon the Antarctic seas.
From my forenoon watch below, I ascended to the overclouded deck; and there, dashed upon the main hatches I saw
A regal, feathery thing of unspotted whiteness, and with a hooked, Roman bill sublime. At intervals
It arched forth its vast archangel wings, as if to embrace some holy ark. Wondrous flutterings and throbbings shook it.
Though bodily unharmed, it uttered cries, as some king's ghost in supernatural distress. Through its inexpressible, strange eyes,
Methought I peeped to secrets which took hold of God.
As Abraham before the angels I bowed myself; the white thing was so white, its wings so wide, and in those forever exiled waters I had lost the miserable warping memories of traditions and of towns.
Long I gazed at that prodigy of plumage. I cannot tell, can only hint the things that darted through me then. But at last I awoke; and turning asked a sailor what bird was this. A goney, he replied. Goney! I had never heard that name before; is it conceivable that this glorious thing is utterly unknown to men ashore! Never. But some time after I learned that goney was some seaman's name for Albatross. . . .
But how had the mystic thing been caught? Whisper it not, and I will tell; with treacherous hook and line, as the fowl floated on the sea.
At last the Captain made a postman of it; tying a lettered, leathern tally round its neck, with the ship's time and place; and then letting it escape. But I doubt not, that leathern tally, meant for man, was taken off in Heaven, when the white fowl flew to join the wing-enfolding, the invoking, the adoring Cherubim!

Padraic Colum

Contributors

Edward Shanks, an English poet, is the author of *The Queen of China* and one of the editors of *London Mercury*. Mr. Shanks wrote these two poems recently for The Measure while recovering from pneumonia.

Leonora Speyer appears frequently in magazines and anthologies and has published a book of verse, *A Canopic Jar*. She lives in New York.

Marie Emilie Gilchrist was born in Ohio. She graduated from Smith College in 1916 and was a fellow in English there last year. She is now working in the Hampshire Bookshop in Northampton.

Briton Niven Busch, Jr. is a young New York and Oyster Bay poet who has a promising future ahead of him.

Paul S. Nickerson is the principal of the Canton High School in Canton, Mass.

Elinor Wylie, whose home is in Washington, D. C., has lived a number of years abroad. She is in New York this winter. Her poems have appeared largely in *The New Republic* and in her book, *Nets to Catch the Wind*.

Abbie Huston Evans is in charge of a settlement house in the steel district in Pittsburgh. She is a graduate of Radcliffe College and, after being overseas with the A.E.F., did community work in a coal camp in the Rockies. She has published poems off and on during the last two years.

Note

By mistake the name of Nelson Antrim Crawford was omitted from the list of guarantors of The Measure in last month's issue.

The Measure

A Journal of Poetry

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